

*The history*

*Pand.* Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

*Troyl.* What now?

*Pand.* Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

*Troy.* Let me read,

*Pand.* A whorson tisick, a whorson rascally tisick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one ath's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there?

*Troy.* Words, words, meere words, no matter fro the heart, Th' effect doth operate another way.

Go winde to winde, there turne and change together:

My loue with words and errors still she feedes,

But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Therfies: excursions.*

*Therf.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another: He go looke on, that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvie dooting, foolish knaues sleeue of Troy there in his helme. I would faine see them meete, that that same young Troyan asse that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villaine with the sleeue, back to the dissembling luxurious drabbe of a sleeuelesse arrant. Ath' rother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing raskalls; that stale old Mouse-eaten drye cheefe *Nestor*: and that same dogge-foxe *Ulysses*, is not proou'd worth a Black-berry. They set mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre *Ajax*, against that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Ajax*, prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes sleeue & rother.

*Troy.* Flye not, for shouldst thou take the riuier Stix, I would swim after,

*Diomed.* Thou doost miscall retire, I doe not flie, but aduantagious care, With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

*Ther.* Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Trojan, Now

*of Troylus and Cresseida.*

Now the sleeue, now the sleeue.

*Enter Hector.*

*Hect.* What art Greeke, art thou for *Hectors* natch. Art thou of bloud and honour.

*Ther.* No, no, I am a rascall, a scuruy, rayling knaue, a very filthy roague.

*Hect.* I do belecue thee, liue.

*Ther.* God a mercy, that thou wilt belecue me, but a plague breake thy neck --- for fighting me: whats become of the wenching roagues? I thinke they haue swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle --- yet in a fort lechery eates it selfe, ile seeke them. *Exit.*

*Enter Diomed and Seruant.*

*Dio.* Goe go, my seruant take thou *Troylus* horse, Present the faire steed to my Lady *Cressid*, Fellow commend my seruice to her beauty: Tell her I haue chafstid the amorous Troyan, And am her knight by proofe. *Enter Agamem.*

*Man.* I goe my Lord.

*Aga.* Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamas*, Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*, Hath *Doreus* prisoner.

And stands *Colossus* wise wauiug his beame, Vpon the pashed corfes of the Kings: *Epistropus* and *Cedus*, *Polixenes* is slaine, *Amphimachus* and *Thous* deadly hurt, *Patroclus* tane or slaine, and *Palamedes* Sore hurt and bruised, the dreadfull Sagittary, Appalls our numbers, hast we *Diomed*, To re-enforcement or we perish all.

*Enter Nestor.*

*Nest.* Go beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*, And bid the snail-pac't *Ajax* arme for shame, There is a thouland *Hectors* in the field: Now here he fights on *Galathea* his horse, And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote And there they flie or die, like scaling sculls, Before the belching Whale, then is he yonder: